

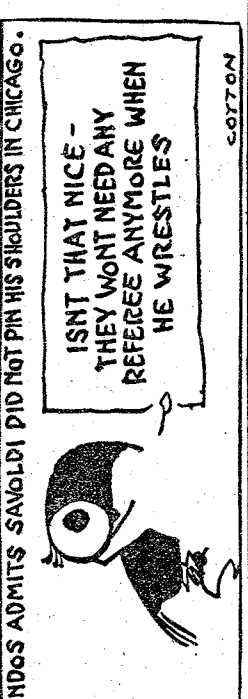
MAJOR LEAGUE STARTS TODAY

Los Angeles Examiner Sports

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1933

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YOUNG TOMMY HANDS SANSTOL DRUBBING

TOMMY SCORES WIN BY DECISION

FILIPINO HAS WIDE MARGIN IN 8 ROUNDS

Wright Scores Technical K. O. Over Cohen; Three Other Preliminaries End Quickly

By Sol Plex

Pete Sanstol, Norwegian bantamweight boxer, must like his fighting. He waded in last night at the Olympic for ten rounds to take a terrific shellacking from Young Tommy, Filipino boy, but never backed up once in spite of the fact that Tommy won eight of the ten rounds by a wide margin.

Only a stout hearted Norwegian would have kept tearing in like Sanstol. He never had a chance. For a few brief moments in the third and seventh rounds Sanstol showed flashes of the form that won him a main event. He sent two stiff right hooks to the Filipino's jaw that sent him back on his heels but Tommy had such a wide margin the rest of the way that it was just a matter of how far he could win.

PEPPERS BODY

Sanstol, who won his spurs by trouncing Georgie Hansford at the Legion two weeks ago, failed miserably last night to measure up to his initial bow. He kept laying back hoping to land a right hand but Tommy sidestepped him, took him into clinches and peppered his body unmercifully. Sanstol's only attribute, and it kept the gallery gods stringing along with him, was his gameness. He kept charging in in spite of everything.

A very sparse audience showed up for the feature bout of the evening.

Tommy Jabs Way to Win Over Nordic

Any doubting Thomases who had been dubious of Young Tommy's right to meet Speedy Dado for the state bantamweight title, were in a different frame of mind today—that is if they witnessed the Filipino's victory over Pete Sanstol at the Olympic last night.

Winding up a knockout card, Tommy and the young Nordic put on a great show with several hectic rounds. Tommy started off well, shading Sanstol in the opening round.

FOUND RIGHT

In the second round, however, young Pete suddenly discovered—to Tommy's embarrassment—that he had a right hand. He leveled the right on his foe's jaw, and things looked kind of wobbly for a minute. Tommy was undaunted and came back to shade the Norwegian in the next round, opening a cut over Sanstol's eye in doing so.

Using a straight left, Tommy scored repeatedly to Sanstol's face to roll up a comfortable margin. Every time Sanstol would try with his right hand, Tommy would catch the youth flush on the button with his own right. The Norwegian soon decided there was no percentage in Tommy's rights.

SANSTOL RALLIES

Sanstol rallied in the sixth round, but had a bad moment in the eighth round when he suddenly decided to sit down on the second strand of the ropes. Apparently dazed, he grabbed Tommy's hand and hung on.

The Filipino, infuriated, did everything but plead with Pete to make him release the duke, but Sanstol was adamant. He hung on until his head cleared and then came back throwing leather.

Tommy had a clear edge in the ninth and tenth and very nearly had the bobbing and weaving Mons. Sanstol on the floor. Tommy could not get set to deliver his right hand. He had a wide margin, as Referee Frank Holmow raised his hand.

TOMMY PROVES TOO MUCH FOR SANSTOL

By E. W. KRAUCH

Another bubble has burst!

In other words, another guy with a promised kick of 49 per cent (or thereabouts) has proven to be less than 3.2 per cent or thereabouts.

We refer to Pete Sanstol, the young fellow that George Blake took under his wing.

Three weeks ago at the Hollywood Legion stadium Pete looked like a world beater. He made George Hansford look like a freight train racing an airplane.

But last night at the Olympic Young Tommy, who was supposed to and did give Mr. Sanstol the "acid test," made Mr. Sanstol look like something that these brewery trucks drag out after a gang of guys buy ham sandwiches and what goes with them.

NO ARGUMENT

There wasn't even an argument as to the winner. Young Tommy out-shot Pete all the way.

Pete tried. Pete was game and all that, but when they clanged the final bell George Von Elm, the great golfer, who knows fighters and fights, said: "Ha! I'll pay off without any question. That was just like sinking a six-inch putt."

From the start Pete never had a chance against Tommy, the sharp-shooter.

Tommy peppered Sanstol almost at will and proved to be the master of the situation against the boy who was supposed to be more clever than one of those guys drawing a 10-ounce glass of beer with five ounces of foam on it.

He had Sanstol's face as red as a spring beet after the second round, sharp-shootin' with both hands and from that time on there was no question as to any argument over who would pay the checks.

Tommy won every round, except

THREE-ROUND MARGIN TAKEN OVER SANSTOL

By R. A. CRONIN

WHEN Old Man Nelson trundled his white-haired papoose into a knapsack on the back of his missus and said, said he, "Squaw-mamma, we are gonna go to America," he broke the mold for Scandinavian fighters. The infant would be Oscar Matthew Battling Nelson, who was planted in Hegewisch, Ill., and afterwards became known as the Durable Dane, a great world's lightweight champion.

From Norway last night came Pete Sanstol, a moon-kissed lad with the old determination from the land of the midnight sun. Pete tried hard, but Young Tommy, a brown-skinned fighter from the equator, gave the Nordic quite a plastering in 10 heats of the main event. Sanstol is the newest acquisition of George Blake. If he is to stay with Blake, Mr. Blake will see that in the future he doesn't get so badly punched around. That is a habit with Blake, but last night he was punched around a-plenty.

YOUNG TOMMY WHIPS SANSTOL

Filipino Boxer Too Clever for Norwegian Rival

Scandinavian Wins But One Round at Olympic

Chalky Wright Stops Cohan in the Third Canto

BY KAY OWE

Pete Sanstol, blond Norwegian bantam, probably established some sort of a long-distance traveling record for going some place to get licked when he came here from good old Oslo to get thumped by Young Tommy, classy Filipino, last night in the Olympic main event.

Tommy, who is rapidly taking the play away from Speedy Dado as the Filipinos' favorite, won seven out of ten rounds. Sanstol took only one and the other two were even. Pete spent the first six rounds bobbing and ducking and taking rights and lefts to the face, but even after he decided to do a little glove-throwing in the last four stanzas it really didn't make much difference. Tommy not only landed the cleaner punches but outscored the Norwegian four to one.

Sanstol was a busy young man but he wasted more energy than a flock of those Norwegian sardines trying to get out of a seine—and with about the same result. He'd gallop almost to Tommy's corner for the start of every round and then start bobbing. Sometimes he'd duck under Tommy's punches and sometimes he wouldn't, and almost invariably the Filipino would belt him two or three times when he straightened up.

The Norwegian clipped Tommy with about five or six good rights to the chin, but he never threw his right often enough to do himself much good. Tommy opened a nasty cut over Sanstol's left eye in the third round and from then on Pete's optic looked like he'd stuck it into a bottle of mercurochrome.

Sanstol won his only round in the seventh when he centered his attack on the Filipino's body and kept him so busy backing away from his bulling tactics that Tommy didn't have much time to do much damage. But in the next three rounds Tommy stopped most of Sanstol's punches with arms and elbows, and countered heavily to the head both during and after the rounds.

